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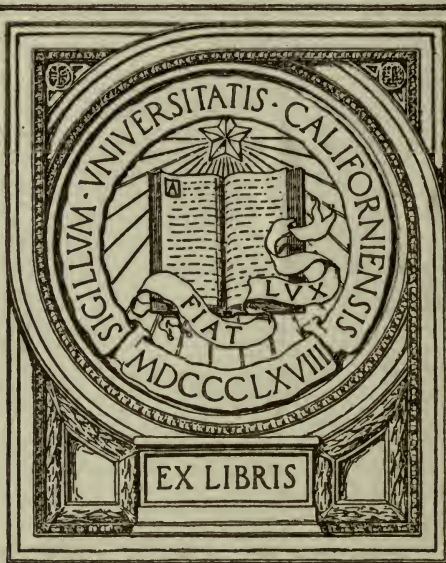
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AN ESSAY BY

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON

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READ AT THE APRIL (1909) MEETING OF
THE CHIT CHAT CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

THE MURDOCK PRESS

THE
CLASS OF 1900

Class of 1900

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AT the opening of the nineteenth century, the Common Man, having fought his way up through the ascending stages of slave, serf, and hireling, had reached the very threshold of freedom, when, suddenly, in the glare of the red lights of the French Revolution, old man Autocracy and old woman Papacy, both galvanized into a semblance of new life, re-entered, led by Prince Metternich, the chief executioner and spy of the associated villainies. Lights extinguished. A slow and sad chorus sings, "Man shall not live by RIGHTS alone." Curtain.

A group of philosophers, some leaving, some assembling, comment on the progress of the plot. J. Bentham, "the most philanthropic of the philanthropic," gathers up his notes on "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and stamps out, leaving a cure for every evil except his own philosophy. Henry Maine echoes: "Is not the happiness of one Brahmin worth at least the happiness of twenty ordinary men?" Every government is "a standing conspiracy to rob and bamboozle," cries Cobden, "the bagman with a cheap calico millennium." "The terrors of the majority," "the evils of collective mediocrity," "government by roughs, clowns, and the common herd," growls John Stuart Mill, the "aristocrat of democracy," and adds: "To serve the State, beard the crowd," "Democracy is a temple of rotten bricks." And we hear the explosive objurgations of Carlyle about "horsehood and doghood suffrage," "twenty-seven million

gods of the gallery, mostly fools," "a rotten, multitudinous canaille," "electing masters of tongue-fence to the National Palaver, and ballot-boxing on the graves of heroic ancestors," and, finally, "is Quashee nigger equal to Socrates or Shakespeare; is Judas Iscariot equal to Jesus Christ; is Bedlam or Gehenna equal to the New Jerusalem?" And Bismarck takes up the theme and snorts, "For all purposes of good government the ballot-box is as useful as a dice-box." And the theater is temporarily closed for repairs.

When the powers had caged Napoleon, they assembled with their pastry-cooks and painted women at Vienna, where they danced, dallied, and devoured while Prince Metternich, in the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, and of the divine right of kings, divided the spoils.

As to Italy, Metternich not only destroyed what little freedom and improved administration Napoleon had vouchsafed her, but, ignoring geography, history, race prejudice, and humanity, made arbitrary partition of that unhappy country. The pope and the unspeakable Bourbons were restored. Austria herself took the rich Lombardy region; Austrian puppets, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena; and, against the passionate protest of Genoa, she was attached to Piedmont.

The divine right of kings implies the perpetual incapacity of the Common Man, who must be kept ignorant, superstitious, vicious, cowed. Hence only clerical schools; meetings, periodicals, organizations, inventions, modern improvements, arms, forbidden; brutal, semi-savage mercenary standing armies; universal espionage; barbarous imprisonment, devilish tortures, exile, death visited quickly upon symptoms of independence; multiplied taxes,

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monopolies, and confiscations; corrupt courts and officials; and vice, invited by the conditions, stimulated by the practice of the ruling classes and the example and precept of the church itself. Such was the benign rule of the Holy Alliance in Italy. Gladstone, outraged by what he himself saw in Naples, branded the Bourbon administration there as "the negation of God erected into a form of government." Metternich's whole programme might be described as the "negation of the ten commandments erected into an administrative policy."

The part which Rome played in this unholy combination was unique and in every sense the worst of all. She distinguished herself from France, Austria, and their lesser co-brigands, Spain and Naples, by adding to their secular crimes the unpardonable sin of commercial traffic in the highest and holiest things. Roma! Wealth, magnificence, and power are in that magic word, her solemn ruins seven cities deep upon her seven hills. Once secular mistress of the world, then empress of the soul, then the queen of literature and the arts. "Rome, the wonderful," "The sepulchre of empire, the shrine of art." "O Rome! my country! City of the soul." To countless millions of men the very name has had for centuries, and has to-day, a mystic and symbolical meaning, significant of the noblest longings of the human spirit—the insistent intuitions of unity, of divine fatherhood and human brotherhood, of immortality, of duty, patriotism, self-sacrifice, martyrdom, the aspiration after worthiness, the transforming instincts which gather about the cradle, the marriage tie, the home, the death-bed and the grave. The very letters of the word are holy—*Roma!—Amor!* And the devout symbolist thrills with emotion to read in them—Love! Love!—the final essence of all religion; and the kneeling mul-

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titudes turn their spiritual eyes towards the holy city, their hearts welling with divine adoration.

The decadent church capitalized this symbol, degraded it into a superstition, with it enslaved the human mind and obscured the soul, and bartered with tyrants for this suppressed territory in exchange for bayonets. It was the superstition trust with its head office in Rome and its agencies all over the world, combined with the dominion trust with its head office in Vienna, Paris, or Madrid, sometimes even in Berlin, and its excommunication bureau in Rome. The dominion trust protected the pope's trade-mark "Roma" by keeping him, either through diplomacy or war, established in Rome,—as a papal bull roaring from elsewhere would be unheeded,—and permitted him to use the trade-mark in its own territories, conditioned on his so using it there as to promote the interests of the particular dynasties or governments favorable to him.

It is in condemnation of this vilest of prostitutions, which he branded as fornication with the princes of the world, that Dante plants Pope Nicholas III upside down in a red-hot hole among simonists, seducers, hypocrites, thieves, and other sinners in the ardent atmosphere of the eighth circle of the Inferno.

Thus frocked hypocrisy, upheld by the armies of the continental despots, and aided by the diplomatic connivance and insular indifference of Great Britain, put the bodies and souls of the people under a worse subjection than before Napoleon. Wholesale injustice, outrage, and cruelty ensued. From the noisome dungeons of Naples to the torture chambers of the Austrian Spielberg the whole country became a prison. And there soon went up from all Italy a "cry of anguish"—the "grido di dolore." For how many centuries had that unhappy land given

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forth that same heart-rending voice? Should this cry go forever unheard?

Although, of all the petty governments then re-established in Italy, that of Piedmont was the best, it could not command the loyalty of the Genoese, those freedom-loving children of the sea with a thousand years of independence and republican traditions in their blood. Was the home of that mighty admiral, Andrea Doria, conqueror of Charles V, of Francis I, of the Barbary pirates and the Turk,—was his home and the birthplace of the discoverer of a new world to be the subject of a petty inland prince? The response of the whole Genoese people was perpetual conspiracy.

One afternoon in the summer of 1830, a body of Piedmontese police patrolling Genoa appeared suddenly at the door of a modest stone house in the narrow Via Lomellini, and arrested a man who was just emerging. He was in mourning and of clerical aspect. Immediately upon and in the confusion of the arrest and of the accompanying search of the house, he rid himself undiscovered by the police of some hand-cast rifle bullets, a sword stick disguised as a cane, a cypher letter, a history of the three days' revolution of July, 1830, in Paris, printed on tri-colored paper, and the formula of the oath of the second rank of the Carbonari—altogether, the prisoner himself says, "matter enough for three condemnations."

On what accusation was this arrest based? The governor declined to answer, but remarked that the prisoner was "a young man of talent, very fond of solitary walks by night and habitually silent as to the subject of his meditations, and that the government was not fond of young men of talent, the subject of whose musings was

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unknown to it," and added, "What on earth has he at his age to think about?"

After confinement for some days in the barracks, and numerous unsuccessful inquisitions, he was suddenly roused one night, carried through the narrow streets to the front of the prison of San Andrea, and there thrust into a carriage. Another man, wrapped up to the eyes, was brought from the prison and thrown into the carriage with him. Two musketeers got in after them, and they started on a midnight journey westward along the western Riviera, twenty-six miles to the fortress of Savona.

The prisoner thus arrested was Joseph Mazzini. He was born in Genoa on June 22, 1805, a few days after Napoleon entered Genoa as its lord. His father was a well-to-do and charitable physician, a professor of anatomy at the University of Genoa. His mother was a Genoese, a devoted Roman Catholic, but a woman of strong character. Both father and mother were, in secret, ardent democrats. Four influences, he says, turned his boyish mind into the same direction: his parents' universal courtesy to every rank in life; the reminiscences of the French republican wars in the talk at home; some numbers of an old Girondist paper which his father kept half hidden, for fear of the police, behind his medical books; and the classics, through which, under his Latin tutor, a sly old priest, he learned the history of Greece and Rome and how to declaim the praises of Cato and the Bruti.

When Mazzini was nine years old Napoleon was imprisoned in Elba. When he was ten the battle of Waterloo was fought, and his native country arbitrarily made over to Piedmont; when he was sixteen the Carbonari rebellions spread through Italy and were suppressed with true Metternichian-Austrian cruelty.

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Fugitives flocked to Genoa to take ship to foreign lands. Mazzini, walking with his mother on the mole at Genoa, saw her giving money to some of these wretched victims, a sight affecting him almost to obsession. It was then that he put on perpetual mourning for his country.

As a young boy, Mazzini attended Roman Catholic services with his mother, but desisted as soon as he understood their meaning. Intended for a surgeon, his fainting the first time he stood by the operating-table shattered that plan. Then he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced for a while, but soon had only charity cases. His undoubted bent was toward literature. Saturated with the classics, with Dante, Machiavelli, the Bible, Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, and Schiller, he learned Ugo Foscolo's "Jacopo Ortis" by heart; and in his reading lists were Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, Burns, Crabbe, de Vigny, Victor Hugo, Alfieri, Manzoni, Guerrazzi, Mickiewicz, Hegel, Kant, Herder, Giordano Bruno, Vico, Rousseau, Voltaire, Guizot, and Victor Cousin.

The strict censorship prevented the exploitation of political subjects, except under the disguise of literary discussions. Beginning with short book notices, which soon swelled into literary essays, published first in a Genoese commercial paper and then in a Leghorn paper, both of which were soon suppressed, his writings were early admitted to the Florence *Antologia*, the only Italian review of any European standing,—a literary experience which developed rapidly his juvenile style into that firm, mature, striking form of expression, marked with strong originality of thought, which made him one of the greatest critics of the century. Just before his arrest he had published in the *Antologia* three articles "On the Historical Drama" and another "On a European Literature,"

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—both political and patriotic to the core. “Oh, Italians!” he cries in one of them, “it is well to defend our national honor and our past glories; but national honor is better guarded by overcoming our defects than by boasting of our gifts, and the best safeguard for our past glories would be the achievement of new.” Already almost at the full maturity of his thought, the divine fire was waiting to descend.

Arrived at the fortress of Savona, Mazzini was taken alone into a dark passage where the governor of the fortress preached to him a long sermon on the many nights he had wasted in culpable associations and meetings and recommended to him the wholesome quiet he should find in the fortress. “In about an hour,” writes Mazzini, “I was confined in my cell; it was at the top of the fortress and looked upon the sea, which was a comfort to me. The sea and sky, the symbols of the infinite, and excepting the Alps the sublimest things in nature, were before me whenever I approached my little grated window. The earth beneath was invisible to me; but when the wind blew in my direction I could hear the voices of the fishermen.”

If the holy father or the paternal Ferdinand of Naples had made this arrest, Mazzini would have been flogged, tortured, executed, without charge or trial, and a bill sent to his father for the hangman’s rope and the ice used to prevent too rapid gangrening of his stripes. But Piedmont had some formalities. Charged with initiating a member into the second degree of the Carbonari, Mazzini demanded proof, and the government’s case, based solely upon the evidence of a spy, collapsed, but not until his imprisonment had lasted nearly six months; and the acquittal was coupled with the alternative of sequestra-

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tion or banishment, and he chose the latter. Never again did he set foot within the lines of Genoa or, in fact, upon the soil of Italy, except as a marked man, a price often set upon his head, and when, forty-two years later, in 1872, at Pisa, an old and broken man, he lay down and died, it was in disguise and under an assumed name.

When Sergeant Antonietti, the jailer at the fortress of Savona, on that night in September, 1830, shut and locked the grated door on Mazzini, the jailer saw through the gratings but one prisoner in that little four by eight cell. He saw only a fragile young man of twenty-five, of medium height, dressed in black Genoa velvet, his long, curly, flowing, raven hair falling upon his shoulders, his graceful mustachios and beard vividly setting off the clear, pale olive complexion; regular and beautiful features, of a chiseled delicacy, which, with his very youthful look and sweetness and openness of expression, would have made his appearance almost feminine, if it had not been for his noble forehead, that firmness and decision of his mouth, the dark, deep-set eyes which could smile as only Italian eyes can smile, but which could also flash astral infinitudes of scorn. (King, pp. 36-37; Cesaresco, pp. 59-60.) And the kind-hearted Antonietti felt sorry for this poor, lonesome, misguided boy.

But the boy was not alone. The grated door closed on two other prisoners of similar mien, though Antonietti saw them not. One was the saturnine featured genius of the Divine Comedy, he whose counsel to all men was, "Follow thou thy star, thou shalt not fail of the glorious haven," and who, tasting in exile "the salt bread of strangers," had yet exclaimed, "Can I not from any corner of the earth behold the sun and stars? Can I not every-

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where under the heavens meditate the all-sweet truths, except I first make myself ignoble?" And at the side of that great Italian, who was neither a Catholic, nor a Guelph, nor a Ghibelline, but a Christian, and, above all things, a man, there stood the mild, firm figure of that martyr prophet of a still greater race, the Nazarene carpenter's son, who had the audacity to say to the world, "He that loveth father or mother or son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

Every day the officer of the guard came to the grating and noted his prisoner. He counted only one. Every evening Antonietti appeared and asked, with imperturbable gravity, "Has the master any orders to give?" To which Mazzini, with equal gravity, invariably replied, "Yes, a carriage for Genoa." And each evening Antonietti counted only one prisoner in that cell. But there were those three. And, at the end of a month, there were three more. The fourth and fifth were Tacitus and Byron, whom the new governor of the prison unwittingly passed in. And the sixth was a lucherino or greenfinch that flew in every day through the window gratings and shared Mazzini's meals; and of this prison companion he says, it "was a little bird very capable of attachment, of which I was exceedingly fond."

Here, surely, was a strange company, gathered in a little cell on the shore of the Ligurian Sea, under the maritime Alps, within sound of the fishermen's voices,—Jesus the Jew, Dante the Florentine, Tacitus the Roman, Byron the Englishman, who was not good enough to be buried in Westminster, but who died fighting for an idea; Mazzini the Genoese, and a greenfinch,—plotting against the peace of kings and prelates. He found indeed the wholesome quiet the old governor of the prison had rec-

commended—and forever after Metternich and his popes and puppets knew no rest. Metternich, accomplished libertine, past-master in the arts of perfidy and chicane, product of the wickedest courts of Europe, and representing in his own bad character the very soul and body of the old régime, had at last an antagonist—a man of how different a stamp!

For there was something happened in that cell the like of which does not often happen on this planet; but, when it does happen, the whole world moves. Mazzini says of Dante: "Dante was of those who recognize no law but that of conscience and recur for aid to none but God." And again, "He was evidently one of those men who pass unscathed and erect through the gravest and most perilous junctures, nor ever bow the knee save to the power that works within. That power he adored with a trembling and religious fervor; he had gone through every stage of the growth of the idea, from the moment when it arises for the first time in the soul's horizon, down to the time when it incarnates itself in the man, takes possession of all his faculties, and cries to him, 'Thou art mine.'" And Cesaresco says of Mazzini: "He was marked for a man apart—whether a poet or an apostle, a seer or a saint, it was not easy to decide, yet this could be said at once, if this man concentrated all his being on a single point, he would wield a power, call it what you will, which in every age has worked miracles and moved mountains."

When Mazzini entered the prison of Savona, an idea had already arisen upon his soul's horizon. When he left, the idea was incarnate in him, possessed all his faculties, cried to him, "Thou art mine." And he answered with all the fervor of his being, "Lord, thou hast said." "When a man," he writes to a friend, "has once said to

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himself in all seriousness of thought and feeling, I believe in liberty and country and humanity, he is bound to fight for liberty and country and humanity, fight while life lasts, fight always, fight with every weapon, face all from death to ridicule, face hatred and contempt, work on because it is his duty, and for no other reason." And again: "We have made the cause of the people our own, we have voluntarily taken on ourselves the sorrows of all a generation, we have snatched a spark from the eternal God and placed ourselves between Him and the people; we have taken on ourselves the part of emancipator, and God has accepted us."

It was in this spirit that Mazzini left the prison of Savona. The rest of his life is the story of an exile and fugitive. He gave up country, home, father, mother, sisters, marriage, his chosen career, comforts, and affluence. He became a wanderer on the face of the earth. Driven from Italy to France, from France to Switzerland, from Switzerland to England, suffering constantly from poverty and privation, he never knew rest and comfort again. And it was the same with his followers and his antagonists. Thousands went to their death under the inspiration of his words. He became the chronic Nemesis of the governments of Europe. He developed, as someone has said, "that cat-like footfall" which "never betrayed him to Europe, while he passed untouched through her highways and byways as often as he listed, like the very wraith and spirit of republicanism that he was."

Shortly after Mazzini's release from Savona appeared his letter to Charles Albert—King See-saw—just ascending the throne of Piedmont. It reminded the king, in vivid and startling language of his early leaning toward

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liberalism, pictured to him the dreadful condition of the people of Italy, exhorted him to become their saviour, and warned him that his failure to respond would be his ruin. "Blood calls for blood," said the letter, "and the dagger of the conspirator is never so terrible as when sharpened on the tombstone of a martyr."

The threat of the letter, "if *you* do not do this, *others* will," was quickly put into effect. Mazzini's flaming manifesto appeared, launching "Young Italy," the new association for the redemption of his mother-land, which he had conceived in his Savona cell. It was the legitimate successor of the Carbonari or Charcoal Burners, but Mazzini did not repeat the defects of that unfortunate organization. As Byron, himself a member, lingering for inspiration at the tomb of Dante in Ravenna, pointed out, the Carbonari lacked any exalted unifying principle. Mazzini started Young Italy upon the lofty plane of a religious crusade. The watchword was "God and the People." The colors were the white, red, and green worn by Beatrice when she appeared to Dante in Paradise. On one side of the banner were the words, "Liberty, Equality, Humanity"; on the other, "Unity, Independence." And its impassioned oath thrills with the mighty soul of the man who, single handed, was going up against the entrenched powers of evil.

Mazzini was the first to take that oath. Every moment of his life thereafter was devoted to performing it. He says: "Many of those who swore it then, or since, are now courtiers, busy members of moderate societies, timid servants of the Bonapartist policy, and persecutors or calumniators of their former brethren. They may hate me as one who recalls to them the faith they swore to

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and betrayed, but they cannot quote a single fact showing that I have ever been false to my oath."

This epoch-making movement was initiated by Mazzini in hiding in Marseilles, assisted by a band of unknown exiles. Their flaming messages were sent into Italy by secret means, smuggled in bales of cotton, hidden in barrels of pitch, tied up in bundles of sausages, conveyed by friendly sailors or other travelers. They met throughout Italy and elsewhere with instant response—first from the upper classes—the literary men, lawyers, physicians, priests—rapidly spreading down among and throughout the poorer people. In a very brief period Young Italy numbered two hundred and fifty thousand members; and the whole country was honeycombed with its influence. From the Adriatic to the Tyrrhenian, revolution was sown shuttle-wise, back and forth across the peninsula.

Metternich saw all this happening, and met it only with more brutal suppression. Revolution after revolution arose and was put down. The cry of anguish changed to a roar of defiance. With blind determination Metternich repeated: "His Majesty, the Emperor, will never relinquish any of his Italian dominions." And awakening Italy thundered back: "Death to the Barbarian." The five great days of Milan came, when Radetzky's invincible cohorts were ejected by the frenzied populace. And Metternich, on a cold March night, ran for his life from Vienna, and did not stop till he landed safe in London. And on his heels went the Vicegerent of the Lord on earth, sneaking away in disguise from Rome to Gaeta to join the select company of scampering despots and more particularly to accept the hospitality and protection of the vilest of them all, King Bomba of Naples. And the scornful words of Mazzini pursued

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him. "Our followers," cried Mazzini, "*die* for their faith—you, for your faith, flee."

Metternich had fled. The pope had fled. Three words were sent to Mazzini,—"*Roma, Repubblica, Venite.*" And Mazzini came.

At Rome they bestowed upon him the citizenship, they elected him a deputy, and when, on March 6, 1849, he appeared for the first time in the Assembly, he was assigned a seat beside the president. The applause, the tears, would not cease until he rose and spoke those thrilling words: "All that I have not done but striven to do has come to me from Rome. After the Rome which worked by the victory of arms, after the Rome which worked by the victory of words,—I have said to myself—there will come the Rome which shall work by the virtue of example. After the Rome of the emperors, after the Rome of the popes, there shall come the Rome of the people. The Rome of the people has come. I speak to you here of the Rome of the people. Do not salute me with applause. I can promise you nothing from me save my co-operation in all that you shall do for the good of Rome, of Italy, of humanity. We shall have to traverse great crises, we shall have to fight a holy war against the only enemy that menaces us; we will fight it and we will win it."

And so the spirit of the boy of Genoa and the prisoner of Savona drove out Metternich, the head of the dominion trust and his puppet, Pius, the head of the superstition trust, and Mazzini, the fugitive, came from his London attic and was made dictator of the eternal city of the Cæsars. The whole people gave him the allegiance of their hearts, their honor, their fortunes, and their lives. He appealed for arms, for money; and ladies

who heard him stripped off their jewels and dropped them from the gallery to the president's table. He called for volunteers, and thousands hurried to the Roman standard. Mazzini knew that, humanly speaking, the fight was hopeless. He knew that against the utmost maximum of his twenty thousand ill-armed, undisciplined men, the French, Spanish, Neapolitans, and Austrians would mass their unlimited arms. But the example must be set to the world. The experiment must be made in order to sow the seed of ultimate success. And the experiment was made, and it is one of the noblest passages in human history. For a few brief months, during which the gallant band of Roman patriots held out against the overwhelming and increasing armies of the powers, the government of Rome, in spite of the inexperience of its administrators and the collapsed condition of its resources due to decades of papal misgovernment, was so excellent as to excite the admiration of the statesmen of the world—of even Palmerston, the most conservative of them all. Their noble conduct stands out in striking contrast to the double-dealing, truce-breaking perfidy of the French. The French emperor had, from the start, intended to betray them.

The overthrow of the Roman republic was a costly victory to the combined despots. When Garibaldi, with his devoted three thousand, left Rome for their wanderings in the Italian mountains, and Mazzini, after vainly exposing himself to the French troops,—who dared not arrest him,—as well as to the danger of assassination, yielded to the appeals of Margaret Fuller and left the eternal city of his hopes—and the French troops marched in to reinstate the abominations of papal administration,—in that same moment of apparent victory the death knell of the French empire was sounded. Mazzini, beaten, his

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hair turned white in a few weeks, returned to his London garret to find the universal sympathies centered upon the Italian cause. It was the beginning of the end. From Mazzini's humble entrance into Rome in 1849 to Victor Emanuel's triumphal entry in 1870, was but a step, and the one was the direct forerunner of the other.

When, on the eve of Sedan, the pope—who, with fine sense of humor, had just declared himself infallible—cried out for help even to Emperor William, Bismarck suppressed the message until the battle had been won. At the same moment, Napoleon, clutching at the last desperate hope, sent his signature on a blank sheet to Victor Emanuel begging him to write his own conditions—if he would only come to his aid. "Too late; too late," they all said. Von Moltke marched straight to Paris; and Victor Emanuel straight to Rome. And a fine piece of retribution was complete.

"Italy is an oyster," ran the saying; "Austria will get one shell, France the other, the House of Savoy will eat the oyster." "Italy is an artichoke, to be eaten leaf by leaf." Mazzini saw both sayings come true. The House of Savoy ate the oyster; also the artichoke leaf by leaf, first Genoa, then Lombardy, then Modena, Parma, and Tuscany, then the two Sicilies, then Venice, then Rome. But it was a redeemed House of Savoy, transformed by many tribulations into the spirit of humility and service, which, through Cavour's astute diplomacy and statesmanship, rode on the crest of united Italy's triumph. Victor Emanuel was the figurehead; Cavour the sturdy engineer; but the dynamic forces that did the work and transformed what Metternich insolently called a "mere geographical expression" into a living nation, were evoked from centuries of dissension and

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organized by Mazzini. And modern Italy, united and redeemed, is a magnificent monument to him.

To Italy, the blessings of union have been incalculable; uniform systems of laws, trade, agriculture, education; uniform fiscal and political administrations; schools of uniform grades leading up to universities; illiteracy, illegitimacy, crime, disease, vice, poverty, beggary—vile legacies of the Old Régime—all on the steady and rapid decrease; the slums of the great cities—cultivated by the despots as valuable assets—now turned into beautiful parks or respectable residence districts—miasmatic cities drained into healthfulness; disease-breeding country tracts reclaimed into salubrity and productiveness; water supplies transformed from sure avenues of death to the purest in the world; markets, both foreign and domestic, created and developed; agricultural products quintupled; modern improvements of all kinds introduced everywhere; industries and manufactures established and their products multiplied; savings bank deposits accumulating to an enormous extent; better still, in the records of science, art, and literature is the splendid roll of modern Italian names: Lombroso, Morcelli, and Ferri in psychology; Mosso and Golgi in medicine; Comparetti and D'Ancona in scholarship; Ferrari in sculpture; Morelli in the criticism of art; Vittorio Fiorini in co-operative scholarship; Giacomo Boni and Ettore Pais in archæology; Benedetto Croce in philosophy; Molmente, Villari, and Ferrero in history; Marconi in invention; in literature, Carducci and Fogazzaro. The kinship of those men to Mazzini and the close relationship of effect and cause, which their work bears to his, is shown at all points, many of them being his direct disciples. And yet, though his prophetic vision saw this promised land, he died, notwithstanding

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his patient and philosophic mind, with a deep sense of disappointment. "Little it matters to me," said he, "that Italy, a territory of so many square leagues, eats its corn and cabbages cheaper; little I care for Rome, if a great European initiative is not to issue from it. What I do care for is that Italy shall be great and good and moral and virtuous, that she comes to fulfill a mission in the world."

In the rapid movement of his quickly changing life, and the wide range and versatility of his writings—from "The Theory of the Dagger" to "The Duties of Man," from the "Constitution of Switzerland" to "Rules for Guerrilla Warfare," from the "Philosophy of Music" to his fierce invective against the French government,—there is a confusing diversity, almost inconsistency. He is a symposium of paradoxes. An analytic believer, a synthetic rebel, a non-conforming unionist, a constructive critic, a conservative radical, a utilitarian idealist, a fighting non-resident, an uncompromising opportunist, an arch-conspirator who was yet the greatest prophet of publicity, a lover of peace, who passionately preached armed intervention; and Carlyle calls him "merciful but fierce." But, in the midst of all these contradictions, there is one reconciling and unifying clue, his belief in God and the one, far-off divine event. Toward that Alpha Lyrae of the soul he held the steady course of his onward moving universe forever true.

"God and the People," the watchword of Young Italy, is the key to it all. Marching with Garibaldi's Italian volunteers in Lombardy in the revolution of 1848, Mazzini carried a banner inscribed with those words. MacCunn says: "It was the flag he was carrying all his life; in that is to be found the text of every word he wrote." His writings are an "oratorio in politics."

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Every son of man has the nucleus of an idealist within him. The very definition of a man is a being with a will, which, through all the vicissitudes of existence, forever faces upwards, and, even in the presence of the worst disasters, still sets itself with invincible determination toward better things. And, when this religious sense is appealed to by a man of Mazzini's mighty personality and character, it meets with instant response from all sorts and conditions of men. And so we find him leading men as utterly different from himself and from one another as Gioberti, author of the "Primacy," Garibaldi—whose greatest exploits were inspired and sometimes directly planned by Mazzini,—and Crispi—all of them members of Young Italy. And we find him in secret correspondence and consultation with Victor Emanuel, Emperor Napoleon, Bismarck, even Cavour. It was this which gave him the power to unite Italy; and it was this which disappointed him with the achievement. To such a man the heights surmounted are only the outlook to the higher ranges beyond.

To Mazzini Young Italy was but the stepping-stone to Young Switzerland, Young France, Young Germany, Young Europe, the Young World. As a nation cannot exist half slave and half free; neither can a world. And that is a truth which every real reformer learns at the very threshold.

All men are divided into two classes, those who listen to the inner voice and those who heed it not, the believers and unbelievers, the unbelievers who live in self, sense and time alone, and the believers who discern "beneath all the welter and scramble of human affairs the old, eternal laws that live forever," and who say with Carlyle, "The universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel house with

spectres, but God-like and my Father's." But, if it be *my* Father's, it must be *your* Father's, and *his* Father's, and *their* Father's; there can be no dualism or division in that conception. Mazzini says: "The religious question pursues me like a remorse; it is the only one of any real importance; . . . on the day that democracy shall elevate itself to the position of a religious party, it will carry away victory; and *not before*." "When all men shall commune together with reverence for the family and respect for property, through education and the exercise of the political function in the state—the family and property, the fatherland and humanity, will become more holy than they are now." In short, religion is essentially democratic; and democracy must be religious. This is no new or original truth. It was already old when the Psalmist said: "Where there is no vision the people perish." Its verity is written indelibly in the rise and fall of nation after nation. De Tocqueville recognized it when he warned the greatest as well as the most reckless of modern democracies, "That, if faith be wanting in man he must serve, and if he be free he must believe." It is true, indeed, but men forget it. Said that other lofty political mystic, Sir Harry Vane, as he stood upon the scaffold: "The people of England have been long asleep; I doubt they will be hungry when they awake."

Materialism breeds centralization; centralization, tyranny; tyranny, slavery; and slavery breeds ignorance, superstition, vice, disease, crime, and corruption in both tyrant and slave. Abdicate your domestic, social, civic, or religious prerogatives in favor of pleasure, wealth, or power; leave untrodden your personal right of way to the Almighty Creator of all souls; and soon your boss has become a king, your confessor a pope, and you a slave;

and, at the same moment, the conscience of king, pope, and slave is gone.

How many nations, flushed with victory in some long and good struggle, have sat down and taken stock of their domains, their resources, their institutions, and their great men, only to find their closets full of skeletons and serpents, and the future foreboding greater evils than the past has conquered! That is true, not only of Italy, but of the entire world to-day. With the whole world industrialized and materialized to the core, with wealth increased and increasing as it never did in any former century, the ideal is facing to-day a more Titanic conflict than in all the past. The same evil forces which Metternich combined against humanity are now scarcely disguised in the spirit of commercialism. The theory that the common man is essentially unfit and corrupt, and that therefore it is not only not wrong, but a matter of necessity, that he should be kept so, is the essence of modern commercial autocracy, as it was of Metternich's school. Hence capital's league with the saloon, the gambling den, and the tenderloin—a lineal descendant of King Bomba's convenient combination with the ninety thousand lazzaroni of Naples, through which he kept the decent minority subjugated,—and with the church. Excommunicate Cavour; then excommunicate the priest who dared to shrive Cavour; torture to death the priest Ugo Bassi for joining Mazzini and Garibaldi in the defense of Rome; poison liberal cardinals when papal elections are pending; condemn modernism; put Fogazzaro's "Saint" on the index; suppress the Christian democrats who dare to substitute good works for authority; let the very latest threat be the damnation of any Catholic ruler or heir apparent so impious as to visit the King of Italy

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in the apostolic palace of the Quirinal. Meanwhile, let the kissing of microbe-spreading toes and the kneeling ascent of the sacred stairs go on. Point still with hot indignation at the fracture made forty years ago by Victor Emanuel's cannon in the side of the cathedral of St. John the Lateran. And keep the body of Leo XIII in its temporary chapel of St. Peter's till the wind blows gently from France. Levy unequal toll upon all the world; discount American tribute ninety per cent and French tribute eighty per cent, while Italian tribute gets par in representation in a college of clerical politicians, through which the holy mother church commits fornication with the princes of finance, absolves the plunderers of American cities, and prostitutes herself to an eternal intrigue against the uplifting of humanity. Have a contribution box on every step in the ascent to heaven. Preserve, at all hazards, the monopoly of the trade-mark. Nor are the Protestant denominations guiltless with, to use Mazzini's telling phrase, "their thousand sects swarming on the corpse of faith."

Against this new holy alliance of capital, superstition and crime is pitted the philosophy of Mazzini. To such an alliance, a people enthused with the divine idea which took possession of Mazzini in the prison at Savona cannot be subject. It is the idea of both Jesus and Dante; the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, all children of the common Father, with the consequent doctrine of personal holiness and universal and equal justice; the necessity of united aim in order to the progress of the race, and that that aim be the loftiest ideal that the greatest and best geniuses have conceived and the noblest traditions have preserved and confirmed; the right of each individual son of God to full participation in the

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heritage of his Father, and the sacred duty of each individual son of God to devote himself to the utmost limit of self-sacrifice to realize that loftiest ideal for himself, and in and for everyone of his brother men. Can a man filled with that spirit become a slave?

Union, liberty, independence, nationality, rights, institutions, associations, all are mere means to a higher and nobler end—a redeemed humanity,—and that not an abstraction but an inexorable reality, which sees in every human form—however debased—the making, not only of a “good neighbor and an honest citizen,” but a soul capable of the highest moral and spiritual life, and will not rest until all the forces of the universe have combined to realize that capacity. And, among those forces, the greatest, next to God Himself, is the associated endeavor, not only of those who, by God’s grace, are in the lead—not only of Carlyle’s “ambassadors of the cosmos,”—but of every unit among the rank and file, who by the very exercise of civic duties,—which in Mazzini’s system are also essentially moral and religious,—through no matter how long and blundering a probation, are to come out at last, with their wrappings and encumbrances gone, into the beauty and light of a higher and still higher life.

What is any institution or tradition compared with the value of a human soul? They drove a shaft down through the stratified civilizations of the Roman Forum, through mediæval Rome, through Rome of the popes, through imperial Rome, through Rome of the kings, through Rome of the ancient republic, through Rome of the shepherds and cowherds, and down to the remnants of a race unknown to history; and there, among the immemorial dead, in a wooden box they found what mortal part

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remains of a little child, with beads on her tattered tunic and an ivory bracelet on her withered arm. Perish your dynasties and hierarchies, your palaces, your temples, your cathedrals, your ceremonies and your pageants, your institutions, systems, and creeds. But tell me, who was that little girl, what was her name and the name of her people, wherefore did she die? What father and mother stood weeping by her grave, and where is her spirit now?

Mazzini has been called madman, fanatic, visionary, agitator, disturber, demagogue. He has been denounced as an assassin and abettor of assassins—a slander which Sir James Graham, to cover the outrage of the unwarrantable opening of Mazzini's letters, repeated—to his sorrow,—for the whole English people arose in wrath and made him take it back. Mazzini was, to many millions, a monster; to many millions more, a master, prophet, martyr. To Ferdinand De Lesseps—better at building canals (in Africa) than at diplomacy—Mazzini was a “modern Nero, a man dangerous to society, a weaver of dark and infernal plots, who had”—let the whole world listen!—“frequent relations with English clergymen and Methodists.” To Italians to-day he is their great political saint.

On the commanding slopes of Staglieno, above the north bank of the Bisagno, a tomb is hewn out of the solid rock, and upon its massive Greek facade is the name alone of the man who, in the words of Carducci, “sacrificed his all, who loved so much, who pitied so many, and who hated none.” At its entrance, in a little enclosure, is the grave of his mother, whose church he discarded, but whose broad human sympathies and mother's love held her forever devoted to him. Below lies the Campo Santo, with its two hundred and fifty thousand dead; from beyond it comes up the busy hum of Genoa; beyond that

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lies the sea ; above and over all is the everlasting sky ; the slanting sun shines through the acacias and ilex trees ; the mellow bell of the chapel sounds the warning hour when all living men must leave this vast city of the dead.

In the center of the Piazza Corvetto in Genoa, facing down the Via Roma toward the Gulf, stands a splendid equestrian bronze of Victor Emanuel II. Turning from it to the right and looking up into the ascending gardens of the Villetta Dinegro, one is startled by the apparition of a tall, white, commanding figure of a man in marble, standing firm upon the summit of a Doric column, his arms folded, a scroll in his hand, his head erect in the attitude of indomitable purpose, his countenance alive with profound thought and emotion, his eyes setting even the cold stone aflame. He faces the great king as if to challenge him. He seems to say to the equestrian monarch, "I was imprisoned and exiled for a United Italy; and in you was that hope realized; Viva il Rè; I lived, suffered, and died for a republican Italy, and in you was that hope postponed, but not destroyed; God and the people live forever!" In this statue is summed up the devotion of the millions of Italians who owe their spiritual quickening to Joseph Mazzini, and he who can stand unmoved before it has either rare ignorance or an ice-bound heart. And in the two statues—the king dashing proudly toward the sea, doffing his hat to the applauding multitudes, the memory of Magenta and Solferino flashing in his eye, and the prophet challenging the king—is symbolized the everlasting conflict between the thing accomplished and the thing that is to be.

The greatness of the old republic of Genoa was founded on the ruins of Pisa. The Tuscan hatred of the Genoese was embodied in the saying: "A sea without

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fish, a mountain without trees, men without faith, and women without shame." The immortal poet of the divine comedy, moving in the lowest precincts of the ninth circle of the Inferno, among the traitors frozen in those forlorn depths, pauses to thus apostrophize the inhabitants of the superb city: "O Genoese! Men strange to all morality and full of all corruption, why are ye not scattered from the world?" These historical and literary amenities reflect the division, dissension, and discord which were the woe and ruin of Italy five hundred years before Mazzini, and which his own inspired apostolate dispelled. The Tuscan sneer, "Men without faith," reflected the concentration of the Genoese people on commerce and the pursuit of gain. Present witness to the persistence of this trait is in the bustling harbor filled with the steamers of all nations, the rushing, roaring, rattling streets, crowded with the contending votaries of trade, and the customs officers at every gate—a tax to get in, a tax to get out. But was there ever such a breeze as comes in from the soft Tyrrhenian Sea? Did Dante in his exile ever gaze at midnight up into nobler hosts of heaven? And, though he called them men "strange to all morality and full of corruption," yet out of this Nazareth came Dante's greatest disciple, of whom it is truly said, "It is as plain now that he was the greatest individual moral force in Europe during the nineteenth century as that the world has scarcely begun to draw from him the benefits which he has to bestow."

This monster and saint, this assassin and prophet, when he was not burrowing into books in the British Museum, or beating someone at chess in his London club, or attending his night school for Italian waifs, or addressing mass meetings against the white slave traffic,

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or some other evil, spent most of his life in London in a little room about as big as his cell in Savona, standing up writing because—someone suggested—his chairs and bed were always covered with books and manuscripts; and with birds sitting on his shoulder or hopping about him,—smoking very bad black Italian cigars, which William Lloyd Garrison tried to persuade him, for the good of his soul, to abandon,—drank sherry with his coffee; and had such other human weaknesses as an almost adoring love of perfumery and fine writing-paper. He was ever in debt, not always from lack of income, but because he could not resist any human appeal. And he shook hands like an Englishman.

As the curtain rises on the twentieth century series of the great drama, a new set of philosophers sum up the progress of the play. Just as man came into the consciousness of his social and political importance, science appeared to demonstrate how low his origin and how insignificant he is in the overwhelming vastness of the universe. God is a chimera. Heaven is a mirage. The soul is an epi-phenomenon, a sort of fire-damp flitting from grave to grave. Immortality is a joke. Morals and ethics are this month's fashion in fig leaves, shoe strings, and spring hats; marriage is a temporary convenience, of doubtful utility, to be succeeded by polygamy and concubinage; property has become to one school everything, to another school nothing. Loyalty to state or nation has been replaced by the anarchic dissensions of classes. Genius is degeneracy. Poetry is insanity. Conscience is a hollow echo confined to the dome of the individual skull. Mysticism, intuitions, idealism, enthusiasm, religion are subjects for the alienist alone. The whole world looks for its future, not forward and upward, but backward

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and down,—as if the flower, because its roots are in the soil, should forget its dependence on the air and sunlight.

Against this black picture set the white light of Mazzini's personality, glowing with God incarnate, faith in man, the soul, immortality, reverence for the family, the nation, humanity, his gaze fixed upward toward ideals which he will not relinquish,—and the gloom of an impossible pessimism is dispelled. The science which at first belittled man has already set free and put into his hand forces which, with leaps and bounds, bring to the front again his invincible soul. The immense contrast between his low origin and his present achievement demonstrates the dignity of a being whom the whole creation has groaned together for so many ages to perfect. Shall the eternal consciousness bring him so far upon the road, and then abandon the design? Materialism blooms again into idealism. And, from looking backward and downward, men turn their glad faces to seek inspiration from above. Mazzini's mysticism has blossomed into the philosophy of men like Thomas Hill Green, to whom "the ideals which, with inexhaustible vitality shape themselves in finite imaginations, are nothing less than attempts to give form and a body to that infinite spirit through whose indwelling energy the generations of mankind are swept along toward the realization of ends greater than they know."

The spirit of modern commercialism and materialism says to the common man, as Metternich said to the Italians: "His Majesty, the Emperor, will not relinquish any of his dominions"; and the soul of the common man rouses from its lethargy, shakes itself, rises under the leadership of the spirit of Jesus, Dante, Mazzini, and all their glorious company of men who lived as seeing Him

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who is invisible, and thunders back, as the Italians replied to Metternich: "Death to the Barbarian."

"And God saith, If ye hear it,
This weeping of the Spirit
For the world which ye inherit,
Do *I* not hear it too?
Arise, and to your stations,
Ye lighted, living nations!
These be my dark foundations;
To raise them is for you."

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ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO MAZZINI AT
GENOA

Swinburne.

Italia, mother of the souls of men,
Mother divine,
Of all that serv'd thee best with sword or pen,
All sons of thine,
Thou knowest that here the likeness of the best
Before thee stands:
The head most high, the heart found faithfulest,
The purest hands.

Above the fume and foam of time that flits,
The soul, we know,
Now sits on high where Alighieri sits
With Angelo.
Nor his own heavenly tongue hath heavenly speech
Enough to say
What this man was, whose praise no thought may reach,
No words can weigh.

Since man's first mother brought to mortal birth
Her first-born son,
Such grace befell not ever man on earth
As crowns this One.
Of God nor man was ever this thing said:
That he could give
Life back to her who gave him, that his dead
Mother might live.

But this man found his mother dead and slain,
With fast-seal'd eyes,
And bade the dead rise up and live again,
And she did rise:
And all the world was bright with her through him:
But dark with strife,
Like heaven's own sun that storming clouds bedim,
Was all his life.

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Life and the clouds are vanish'd; hate and fear
Have had their span
Of time to hurt and are not: He is here
The sunlike man.
City superb, that hadst Columbus first
For sovereign son,
Be prouder that thy breast hath later nurst
This mightier One.

Glory be his forever, while this land
Lives and is free,
As with controlling breath and sovereign hand
He bade her be.
Earth shows to heaven the names by thousands told
That crown her fame:
But highest of all that heaven and earth behold
Mazzini's name.

[Preliminary Announcement of the Meeting]

"Life is a mission, or it has neither value nor meaning."—*Essay on Renan.*

CHIT CHAT CLUB

MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1909—6:00 P. M.

AT UNIVERSITY CLUB ROOMS

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SAN FRANCISCO

SUBJECT

"JOSEPH MAZZINI"

ESSAYIST: JOSEPH HUTCHINSON

"Men of great genius and large heart sow the seeds of a new degree of progress in the world, but they bear fruit only after many years, and through the labors of many men."—*Manifesto of Young Italy.*

"I would mingle with men in order to draw strength from them."
—*On the Writings of Thomas Carlyle.*

THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN MAZZINI'S LIFE.

- 1805. Date of his birth (June 22).
- 1826. His first essay (on Dante) published.
- 1827. Joins the Carbonari.
- 1830. Arrested for conspiracy.
- 1831. Acquitted by Turin Senate; founded Young Italy.
- 1832. Decreed exiled from France.
- 1833. Projected rising in Piedmont suppressed.
- 1834. Abortive expedition from Switzerland. Young Europe.
- 1836. Exiled from Switzerland.
- 1837. Mazzini arrives in London.
- 1844. Mazzini's correspondence violated by British Government.
- 1848. Insurrection. Mazzini in Italy.
- 1849. Siege of Rome. Mazzini returns to London.
- 1853. Insurrection in Milan.
- 1857. Mazzini in Genoa.
- 1859. Editor of *Pensiero ed Azione*. Italian Kingdom founded.
- 1865. Elected Deputy by Messina, but refused to take oath of allegiance.
- 1869. Expelled from Switzerland.
- 1870. Italian troops enter Rome.
- 1871. Mazzini in Italy.
- 1872. Death at Pisa (March 10).

"In ourselves, rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful. The human soul is the sun which diffuses light on every side, investing creation with its lovely hues and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every existing thing."—*On the Historical Drama.*

"Music is the perfume of the universe."—*Philosophy of Music.*

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WRITINGS OF MAZZINI

ARRANGED IN THE ORDER OF THEIR PUBLICATION

- 1829. Of an European Literature.
- 1830. On the Historical Drama.
- 1830. On Fatality Considered as an Element of the Dramatic Art.
- 1833. The Philosophy of Music.
- 1835. Faith and the Future.
- 1837. On Italian Literature since 1830.
- 1838. On Paul Sarpi.
- 1838. On the Poems of Victor Hugo.
- 1839. Lamennais.
- 1839. George Sand.
- 1839. Byron and Goethe.
- 1839. The Poems of Lamartine.
- 1843. On the Genius and Tendency of the Writings of Carlyle.
- 1843. On Carlyle's History of the French Revolution.
- 1844. On the Minor Works of Dante.
- 1844. Italy, Austria, and the Pope (Letter to Sir J. Graham).
- 1844. Duties of Man (first part).
- 1847. Thoughts upon Democracy in Europe.
- 1849. The Holy Alliance of the Peoples.
- 1850. From the Pope to the Council.
- 1850. On the Encyclical of Pius IX.
- 1850. Royalty and Republicanism in Italy.
- 1852. Europe: Its Conditions and Prospects.
- 1855. Two Letters on the Crimean War.
- 1856. On the Theory of the Dagger.
- 1858. Duties of Man (second part).
- 1858. Letter to Louis Napoleon.
- 1861. The Italian Question and the Republicans.
- 1865. Address to Pius IX on His Encyclical.
- 1871. The War and the Commune.
- 1872. The Italian School of Republicanism.
- 1874. M. Renan and France.

"The artistic formula 'Art for Art's sake' is as atheistic as the political formula 'Each for himself.'"—*Preface to Volume II.*

"The temple of the true believer is not the chapel of a sect."—
Essay on Byron and Goethe.

BOOKS USED BY THE ESSAYIST

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOSEPH MAZZINI, AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL,
POLITICAL, CRITICAL AND LITERARY, 6 Volumes; Lon-
don, 1905.

SELECTED ESSAYS OF JOSEPH MAZZINI, Camelot Series;
London.

ESSAYS BY MAZZINI, translated by Thomas Okey; Lon-
don, 1894.

MAZZINI, by Bolton King; Temple Series, London, 1902.

THE DAWN OF ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE, by Wm. Roscoe
Thayer; Boston and New York, 1893.

ITALICA, by the same; Boston and New York, 1908.

BISMARCK AND CAVOUR, by the same, *Atlantic Monthly*,
March, 1909.

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THE UNION OF ITALY, by W. J. Stillman; Cambridge, 1899.

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THE BUILDERS OF UNITED ITALY, by Rupert Sargent Hol-
land; New York, 1908.

ROMAN HOLIDAYS AND OTHERS, by Wm. Dean Howells;
New York, 1908.

SIX RADICAL THINKERS, by John MacCunn; London, 1907.

"I am not a Christian. I belong to what I believe to be a still
purer and higher faith; but its time has not yet come; and until
that day, the Christian manifestation remains the most sacred revela-
tion of the ever-onward, progressing heart of mankind."—*Letter to
an English Friend.*

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